



# The simplicity I once sought



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I log onto my computer. I check my email. The story wars notifications clogs up the entirety of my vision. New story...New chapters...New followers.

I go to the Story Wars main site. hundreds of notifications greet me. I read through the stories, trawl through the mass of pictures that greet me.

I remember back when pictures were not paired with the stories. back when it was not poorly rendered screenshots that dominated my screen, but sleek and elegant letters against a green, or red, or blue background.

Why can't we have that back?

## Chapter 2 by KlausBaudelaire



"Why can't we have that back?"

LethalPianist sighed, his fingers slipping from the keys, and closed the computer screen. The soft ding echoing throughout the facility indicated that the computer session had ended. Now, it was back to the cell.

They didn't call it a cell, of course. It was just a "relaxation room." But LethalPianist knew better. There was nothing but a bed, a lamp, a keyboard and some books. Their covers were cut off, in case the imagery "excited" him. In fact, everything was kept in a state that would keep him nice and calm. The bed was entirely white, from the posts to the sheets. The walls were a solid beige

matching the carpet and the lampshade. The keyboard was only allowed because it was entirely black and white, and because it seemed to be the only thing that could be used to write.

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found out. The scientists assigned to him by the police hadn't found out much, but they did find that he reacted strongly to any vivid colors or provoking imagery, such as of a war. Something about overproducing hormones combined with some acronym of a condition. He didn't really understand it, and they hadn't bothered explaining it to him. Not that he minded. What would he do with the information? He couldn't look it up; all websites were blocked except for Story Wars.

Story Wars was the only thing that he really enjoyed. They had spent a long time searching for a website that wouldn't excite his hormones in any way. Online games were out, and things like reddit were too broad to monitor his actions. But the scientists approved of Story Wars, because it was just words. Sometimes the stories would excite him, but not as much as images did. He could never admit to the Story Wars community the real reason he was bothered by people attaching images to their stories: he was worried that if his caretakers found out, he'd no longer be able to access the website. His one respite would be taken from him.

LethalPianist wordlessly climbed into bed, pulled the sheets over his shoulders and tapped the lamp. Its light was immediately extinguished, leaving him in pure darkness. He drifted off to sleep dreaming of the stories and chapters that he would write tomorrow.

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A soft ding echoed throughout the facility. His computer session had begun. He opened the laptop quickly and logged into Story Wars, typing LethalPianist and his password without even pausing or looking at the keyboard. "LethalPianist" had been a sort of joke at the expense of the police; half of his name was dedicated to describing his ability to kill. The pianist part was there because he had actually gotten pretty good at playing during his time here.

Per usual, as soon as he pressed enter, his vision was immediately flooded with notifications. He was about to click them all away when one caught his eye. The story was simply titled, "I Know", and was written by "SecretsGuarded". Expecting it to be a horror story, he was surprised when it popped up in the poetry section. The first chapter said just this:

Everything is white,  
and beige, and black. I know this.  
And how to get back

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As soon as he read it, electricity flooded through him. Someone was communicating to him through Story Wars.

And that person could get him out.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

But nothing is simple...Not anymore

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